

Dramatic Scene in Court When Evelyn Thaw Gives Way to Her Emotion Under the Persistent Probing of District-Attorney Jerome

occurrence that you felt compelled to renounce the love of Mr. Thaw," asked the District-Attorney, walking toward the witness.

"Not exactly that," responded Mrs. Thaw unhesitatingly. "It was partly because I was found out. Some of Stanford White's friends knew."

"You didn't think that the occurrence itself was wrong?"

"I had an instinct that it was wrong."

"Were't all your maidenly instincts of virtue outraged by the outrage which you saw occurred while you were in Stanford White's hands?"

"I didn't remember what had happened. I only remember my feeling when I woke up."

Jerome thundered away in his efforts to get from the witness a description of her outraged feelings, and the shame to her maidenly instincts. All he could bring out was that the young woman had not felt any conscious remembrance of the "terrible night in the studio."

The girl was bearing herself splendidly. She fenced beautifully, catching every lightning thrust of Jerome's instantly. Often she would pause in perfect self-possession and demand that he modify or simplify his interrogations. Twice she said: "Please cut that question in two; it's too long."

"When you first met Harry K. Thaw, did you entertain feelings of enmity and bitterness toward Stanford White?"

"As I remember it, when my eyes were opened to the terrible act, I felt intensely bitter toward him."

"Did you still feel so bitter toward Stanford White when you wrote a letter to him from Boulogne just after you left Paris?"

"Yes."

"You felt just as bitter toward your enemy as you had in Paris?"

"Yes."

"Then why did you write that letter?"

A KIND WORD FOR HER MOTHER.

Evelyn threw back her head and replied in rapid-fire tones: "Because my mother gave me no peace until I wrote that letter. Plainly he had been taken aback by what either the girl's wonderful shrewdness or her wonderful honesty and sincerity."

"Had you any reason ever to distrust your mother?"

"No, not then."

"After you found out your mother was not a proper person, did you still trust her?" said Jerome, assuming something the girl had not said at all.

"I never thought of my mother in that way at all," came the words.

The girl, on fire now, literally threw this answer into Jerome's face, that had again fallen into the line of a grinning Japanese war mask. He grinned, but he was gaining no ground. Indeed, he was actually losing.

"When I asked you how you were caught or found out in your shame, you said Stanford White had told," he suggested casually.

"I said that a friend of Stanford White had told. I said that a friend of Stanford White had told me that Stanford White had told that White's other friends would tell him if I married him."

"After you had been wronged by Stanford White, did you continue to have intimate relations with him?"

"For a short time. Yes."

JEROME RESENTS INSINUATION.

Then the District-Attorney asked for the name of the man "who had told," the man who had taunted and teased Thaw about her ruin. Mr. Delmas objected, and there was a short wrangle between counsel.

Jerome lost his temper when the California lawyer insinuated that the prosecutor wanted to get the names of people to satisfy his personal curiosity, and that he often failed to communicate these names to the defense.

Jerome turned purple with rage and fairly shouted: "Recent such insinuations, for they are unfounded. The counsel for the defendant knows well that every time the witness has whispered a name to me I have come to the rail and communicated it to him."

"May I ask why the District-Attorney wants the name of this person at all?" said Mr. Delmas, paying no heed to Jerome's brain explosion.

"Because I wish to send for this person and make a witness of him," snapped the District-Attorney.

"Will you explain how it is possible under the rules of evidence to make a witness of that person?" inquired Delmas respectfully. The California's goodness was stung by Jerome's flank until the touchy District-Attorney fairly flinched every time Delmas parted his lips. He declined to answer the last question put by Delmas. Instead he decided to let the name of the mysterious woman go and get the facts without bringing out the identity of White's friend.

"How do you know this man had knowledge of your relations with White?"

"Because he had seen me in the bedroom under the studio."

Mr. Jerome then began a relentless line of cross-examination as to her continued association with Stanford White. Two of the women reporters in the court left hastily when the questions broadened so much that even the stress of duty was set at naught. One after another the questions were hurled at the little witness, until she began to flinch about and show that the iron was entering her soul.

AT LAST SHE BREAKS DOWN.

The girl's voice had sharpened with the agony of her torture as Jerome bore brutally in, literally dragging her soul out by the roots. Her lips actually curled away in horror from the answers Jerome's relentless hands were bringing forth. She put up her little gloved hands as if to ward off a blow. Bravely she tried to hold her voice at a steady pitch, but the quivering notes of a weak, Evelyn line of her face was twisting and distorted. It was worse for her plainly than on the day when she had first told the hideous story of her delirium.

Suddenly Jerome paused. She stopped, too. For half a minute there was not a sound in the court-room. Then a sob from the girl on the stand cut a gasp in the silence. With shaky fingers she drew from her breast pocket her little handkerchief, put it to her eyes and cried aloud. These were the first tears she had shed in all the trial—a briny tribute to Jerome's ruthless methods of cross-examination.

Some of the women in the court cried with the girl, and some of the men swore under their breath. Not one of the jurors had his eyes on the girl or on Jerome. They sat with heads down, like men ashamed. Harry Thaw was looking at nothing, softly beating at his knotted forehead with a clenched hand. This alone told of his suffering, but it told eloquently.

PROSECUTION SEEKS ADJOURNMENT.

It lasted two minutes—the longest two minutes you can imagine. Jerome himself was who broke in.

"Our consideration for the witness's feelings I move for an adjournment," he said.

But Delmas wouldn't have it so. He insisted that they go on, and when the girl had calmed herself somewhat and lifted her drawn, wet face from her sopping little handkerchief Jerome asked the witness about her visits to various physicians. Then he fired this insinuating query: "Did you go to the office of Dr. Carlton B. Smith with a doctor's prescription in your hand?"

"No," the reply was sharp and emphatic that Mr. Jerome switched at once from New York to Paris.

"Did you love Stanford White?" Then Jerome asked:

"No."

"You hated him?"

"Yes."

HER SENSE OF OUTRAGE.

"Yes, you didn't feel outraged at the time you met Thaw, not until he told you how wrong it was?"

"No."

"You didn't feel outraged," cried the prosecutor, "when a man you describe as a big, yellow brute dragged you and wronged you?"

"Yes, I did."

The witness did not remember just what her feelings were. She didn't realize how deeply she had been wronged, but she felt an instinctive sense of outrage.

The District-Attorney endeavored to get out some more about the operation that had been performed on the witness at Dr. Bull's sanitarium. He asked:

"Do you know what was the nature of that operation?"

"I do not. I only know what my mother told me."

"Didn't the nurse tell you?"

"Yes, she told me it was appendicitis."

"Did you drink to excess when with White?"

"Yes."

"Were you febrile?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Thaw was weeping under the unspeakable cruelty of the prosecutor. There wasn't a man in the court-room who wasn't gripping his seat and watching the face of the girl on the stand with clenched features.

SHE WAS INEBRIATED.

The District-Attorney continued in his probing to unshare the minutest details of the dealings the girl had with White. He kept at the witness in a grim effort to learn just how far she had relapsed White. Then he asked: "Were you intoxicated on each occasion?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever tell your mother?"

"No."

"Did you ever tell any human being?"

"No."

"You always resisted and never submitted willingly?"

"It always resisted. I did not like it."

"You are sure you were always under the influence of liquor?"

"Yes."

Jerome now proceeded to read extracts from one of Thaw's letters written in Paris. How it came into possession of Jerome no one seemed to know. The names of several persons were mentioned casually, including that of Frances Belmont, now Lady Astor. It seemed to be a friendly informal gossip, more telling of people Thaw had met and slight he had seen in Paris. Its bearing upon the testimony Mrs. Thaw had given did not seem to be apparent.

JEROME SPRINGS A COUP.

Then Jerome sprung an attempted coup which showed why he had been asking questions about the Dead Rat and the mysterious Miss Winchester's dancing of the cakewalk. He unfolded a letter written by Evelyn Nesbit early in 1904 from Paris to some girl friend in London or New York. It was done in a breezy, rather bright style. It began:

"MY DEAR—YOUR SUGGESTION THAT THE WHOLE TEN-DEERLOIN HAS MIGRATED TO PARIS IS TRUE. EVERY CORNER YOU TURN YOU MEET A SHADY LADY. THE OTHER NIGHT WE WERE AT THE CAFE DES PARIS, WHEN THE WHOLE HUNCH BLEW IN. WE GOT TOGETHER AND WENT OUT FOR A FESTIVE KNOCK. WE TOOK IN THE DEAD RAT AND A LOT OF OTHER CAFES. (NOBODY HURT)—WAS ALONG. HE IS ABOUT FIFTY-FOUR YEARS OLD, SPRY AS A SPRING CHICKEN, AND HE PUTS EVERYTHING ON THE BLINK. ALSO DID HIS SHARE TO MAKE THINGS HUM. WHEN WE CAME HOME THE MARKETS WERE OPEN. HARRY BOUGHT A BASKET OF STAMBOULES, AND HAD BEEN COOKING THEM WITH STRAWBERRY JUICE—PRESERVED. HARRY HAD NEW AUTO AND IN A FEW DAYS WHEN IT IS IN GOOD REPAIR AND READY TO EAT UP A FEW TANKS OF GASOLINE, OR WHATEVER THEY USE, WE ARE GOING TO SWITZER (CHEESE) FOR TWO WEEKS. THEN I SUPPOSE I'LL BE COMING HOME TO HAVE MY VOICE CULTIVATED (AREH) MADAME (AN ITALIAN NAME) IS AT THE CAFE OF THE DEAD VILLAGE. BE GOOD WHEN SHE'S GOING BACK TO HER OLD VILLAGE. YOUR LETTERS ARE WONDERFUL. I'VE GOT—ALL WORKED UP OVER YOU. LOVE TO EVERYBODY. YOURS AS EVER, EVELYN NESBIT."

Apparently the letter showed nothing but a girlish love of spirits expressed in Broadway slang.

"Where was this young woman to whom this letter was written playing in the 'Princess of Pilsen' at that time?" asked Mr. Jerome.

"I think in London," I wrote the letter," said Evelyn.

Mr. Jerome handed it to the jurors to read, but they did not seem deeply interested, and the foreman tossed it back to him without so much as a glance. The District-Attorney then went back to June, 1903. The witness said her mother was with them when Thaw had proposed marriage to her for the second time. He then questioned Mrs. Thaw about her bank account in New York in 1901.

The District-Attorney got out another bundle of checks and endeavored to learn their history, the career of the deposits, &c.

MORE OF THE WHITE CHECKS.

Mrs. Thaw said that all she could remember was that the money might have been deposited for her mother by Stanford White or by Charles Hartnett, the manager for White. She hadn't been interested enough to learn which.

Evelyn Thaw was growing calmer steadily, although it wasn't to be denied she had aged many years in looks. When the prosecutor approached to hand her the letter from Paris to the girl in London she shrank slightly, as if dreading the physical proximity to him. Her voice had lost some of its stinging quality since her breakdown. He no longer spoke as if he were glittering sand and mica between his teeth. Her tragic little face was all smeared with tear stains and it was swollen. Try as she would her voice still trembled.

"During the year 1901 did Stanford White treat you with kindness?"

"Yes."

"Did he write to you?"

"Yes."

"Did he remonstrate with you for your extravagance?"

"No, not at all."

The witness did not know what had become of several of White's letters referred to by the people's counsel.

"How long did Mr. White correspond with you?"

"Between 1901 and 1903."

"And in all that time you remember the contents of only one letter?"

"Yes."

HARTRIDGE GOES ON THE STAND.

This particular letter, the witness said, she had turned over to one of her husband's counsel, Mr. Hartridge. She had received it in Paris. The District-Attorney asked Mrs. Thaw to step down while he questioned the lawyer.

"Have you in your possession certain letters written by Stanford White to Evelyn Thaw," Jerome asked the attorney.

"I decline to answer," responded Mr. Hartridge.

"On what grounds?"

"On the ground of privilege as counsel for the defendant."

"Have you not shown to Mr. Delmas letters written by White to Mrs. Thaw?"

"I decline to answer."

"Have you not in your possession papers that belong to Evelyn Thaw?"

"I decline to answer."

Thereupon the prosecutor made a long speech to the Court.

THE RIGHTS OF A COUNSEL.

Jerome argued that the lawyer's privilege did not allow him to refuse information of the fact, though it permitted him to refuse to tell the contents of the letter.

It had been explained that Mr. Hartridge was Mrs. Thaw's counsel, as well as attorney for the defendant. In explaining this, Mr. Delmas said: "The threat has been made in the papers that the District-Attorney intended to indict Mrs. Thaw, and therefore she retained Mr. Hartridge as her counsel."

To every question the prosecutor put, Mr. Hartridge declined to answer on the ground that he was counsel for both Thaws—man and wife. Finally Mr. Hartridge said: "I decline to answer any questions concerning any letters or document of any character that Mrs. Thaw put in my possession."

"If Mrs. Thaw will waive her right to your professional protection of her letters will you answer?" asked the District-Attorney despairingly.

"Mrs. Thaw is a young woman," replied the attorney, "and I would have to consult her before I answer this question."

Jerome gave it up then, and court adjourned for luncheon.

Mrs. Thaw Resumes Her Ordeal This Afternoon

Mrs. Thaw was recalled to the witness stand shortly after recess today. She seemed weaker than in the morning, and was as pale as the sawdust wall behind the witness chair.

Jerome dove back to his most strenuous and ruthless phase of attack, searching deeper into the mire of her relations with Stanford White. He declared that she had told her lawyers that when White wronged her she was under the influence of liquor. As she had not mentioned this fact in direct examination the District-Attorney sought to prove that she had invented it offhand. He failed there, as he had failed several times on this day of big and little Waterloo.

Then he asked her if she would be willing to have the Stanford White letters in Mr. Hartridge's possession produced.

She said she was willing to give the letters if her counsel advised her to do so. She did not fear the production of the letters. In fact, she didn't recall what they contained.

Mrs. Thaw testified that she had given to Abe Hummel several letters of the defendant in the fall of 1903, but she believed she had got them all back.

DOESN'T RECALL THE LETTERS.

"I remember the letters came back," she said, "but I don't recall whether Mr. Longfellow got them or whether I did. I recall that there was some telephoning done."

"Why did you give them to Abe Hummel at all in the first place?"

"Well, Mr. Hummel asked me for them and Stanford White told me I should do so."

"Were you in love with Mr. Thaw at that time?"

"No. Not in view of what Stanford White told me about Harry. Just after I returned from Europe the first time I had been so influenced by what White told me about Mr. Thaw that I did not care for him."

"Did you ever hear of the 'Knicker'?"

"What do you mean?"

"Wasn't there a place known among the girls of the 'Florodora' chorus as 'The Knicker' when you were at the Knickerbocker Theatre?"

"I'm sure I don't remember."

Here Jerome handed her a scrap of paper scribbled over with sketches in pencil. She smiled bitterly as she fingered the scrap.

"Do you remember that?" asked Jerome.

"I guess you mean the Knickerbocker drug store," answered the girl readily, as if her memory had been refreshed.

A PLEASANT NOTE FROM HER.

Then Jerome read aloud a note which had been scribbled on the same paper which bore the sketches. It ran as follows: "It may not be possible for me to get to the Knicker by three by the clock. I have to wash my cravat. Did you see the Telegram this morning? What do you think of my caricatures?"

Evidently the note and the pictures had been the work of Evelyn Nesbit, but to whom the paper was sent did not appear.

"Can't you remember when that note was written?" asked Jerome.

"No, I can't," said the witness, smiling gently, as if at some pleasant memory.

Abruptly switching back to the main narrative, Jerome asked this question: "You said to-day, I believe, that at the time a friend of Stanford White's surprised you in the Tower Mr. White was downstairs and you were upstairs alone?"

"I didn't say any such thing," she flashed back instantly, with the widening of the eyes and rounding of the mouth which make her look so childish. "What I said was that Stanford White was in the tower, but not in the room."

HARTRIDGE DEFIES HIM.

Here Jerome halted the inquisition long enough to serve a subpoena upon Mr. Hartridge for the letters Mrs. Thaw said she had turned over to him.

"I decline to produce the letters," said Hartridge. "They were given over to me by Mrs. Thaw, my client, and I will waive no professional rights."

"When did you first meet Stanford White?" interrogated the District-Attorney, turning again to the witness, after his fruitless passage with the lawyer.

"In 1901, when I was playing in the 'Florodora' company."

"Who introduced you?"

"Edna Goodrich."

"Where did you meet him?"

"In the tower of Madison Square Garden."

"How did you happen to go there?"

"At Miss Goodrich's invitation."

"Did your mother know you were going?"

"Yes."

EDNA GOODRICH'S DESCRIPTION.

Evelyn said Edna Goodrich told her White was a very nice man—interesting and a fine entertainer. She (Miss Goodrich) said he was a great society man.

"He seemed very fond of Miss Goodrich," said Mrs. Thaw, "and I asked her if she and Mr. White were engaged."

"You didn't know he was a married man then?"

"No."

"Did you know that he was a married man at the time of the drug-ging?"

"Yes."

"Did anything 'strong ever happen when White took you to the photographer's in Twenty-fourth street to be posed?"

"No. The photographer's was a very proper and nice place."

After meeting White in the Tower, Evelyn said she and Edna Goodrich went for a ride in the Park in a cab and discussed the architect at length as they drove along.

"Were there any improprieties at this first meeting in the Tower?" queried Jerome.

WHITE KISSED THE GIRLS.

Mr. White kissed us. At the theatre he used to go up to the girls and rub their arms and shoulders (describing the White carcases with a gesture), and that time we went to see him he hugged us."

"This didn't offend your maidenly modesty at that time?"

"I don't remember. I know now that it was not right. He seemed very kind and fatherly. He always treated me just like a father except in the way he took advantage of me. Outside of this one awful part of his life he was very nice, very kind and except in one way he was always good to me."

In reply to another of Jerome's interrogations the witness said, leaning forward in her chair, marking time with her forehead and talking with almost shrill emphasis: "Outside of that one terrible thing Stanford White was a very good man. He was kind and considerate. He acted toward me like a father. He was much more thoughtful than others. I told this to Mr. Thaw—about Mr. White's kind and fatherly manner—and he said that it only made him all the more dangerous. Harry said that his being so kind and considerate only made him the more dangerous to the community."

Next he switched about and lit upon the period of the girl wife's when she was just blossoming from a model to a chorus girl in the "Florodora" company. He hoped to show, evidently, that by her own account either she was too innocent or not innocent enough at that time back in 1901, soon after she came to New York.

"Did you ever talk with the other chorus girls behind the theatre?" he inquired.

"I never thought of anything like that."

SHE IS TECHNICAL, TOO.

"You mean the wings of the theatre, I guess," she replied. "Yes, we used to chat among ourselves."

"Did you talk about men or lovers?"

"I never heard them, as I recall."

"Oh, well, then, did you hold a sort of prayer meeting on the stage?" he jeered.

Delmas objected to the form of this question and Justice Fitzgerald ruled it out.

Mrs. Thaw said that sometimes she was pushed out of the dressing-rooms by the other girls and locked out. She had heard nothing about the other girls having loved up to that time.

"Why was it your mother called for you at the theatre if you were so innocent of all these things?"

"Because Mr. Fisher, the manager, insisted that she come and get me, as he would not be responsible for what might happen to me."

"You were so innocent of the world then that you never imagined that you might be approached on the street or by men hanging about the stage door?"

"I never thought of anything like that."

THE SECOND MIDNIGHT SUPPER.

The witness was drawn right at more length about her second visit to the Garden tower, where she went to her last midnight supper. Another actress attended, she said, and each drank only one glass of champagne.

"How long was your dress then?"

"Only my shoe-tops."

"Did Mr. White take any fatherly liberties that night with you and the other young lady?"

"No."

"Did he take you home?"

"Yes, he drove me home in a cab. My mother was waiting for me."

"Did he take any paternal liberties with you when you were alone with him in the cab?"

"No, he only dropped his hand across my hand."

"That was all?"

"Yes."

Then the District-Attorney came to another uptown party at which there had been present White, two other men friends and two girls besides Evelyn.

JEROME GETS NEWS HUNCH.

"What are the names of those guests?" asked Jerome.

She beckoned and he came to her where she sat in the witness chair and bent his head to hear the names which she whispered in his ear.

The news seemed to give him joy. Smiling broadly he turned and whispered gleeful tidings of some sort to Garvan, who proceeded to take notes like a house afire.

"Were these other two lady guests young women?" asked Jerome.

"One was young and the other was older. One of them was an actress and she also wrote for newspapers."

"Were any improper liberties taken that night?"

"No."

"Did you drink more than one glass of champagne?"

"I don't remember about that night."

"At all of these parties nothing had happened that you did not consider perfectly proper?"

"Nothing."

"Were you never warned about Mr. White?"

TOLD HER SUSPICIONS TO WHITE.

"Well, a girl said to me that Mr. White was a married man and that I had better look out. I told this to Mr. White and he said, 'Don't believe them. They are jealous and want to fool you.'"

"Up to the time you were drugged, Mr. White was always careful to see that you did not drink too much?"

"Yes."

"Did I understand you to say that the wine with which you were

drugged on the night of your wrong-timed libel?"

"Yes, but champagne always tasted bitter to me—bitter and nasty. I never liked it."

"Did it taste bitter than other champagne you had taken?"

"I can't say. I only know it tasted bitter."

The District-Attorney was plainly laying his pipes, hoping to prove that Mrs. Thaw could not have distinguished a slightly bitter taste in the drugged champagne. She admitted over and over again that all wine—champagne—was bitter to her, and Jerome examined on the theory that when she spoke of the bitter taste of the drugged wine she imagined it.

"Did you, after being wronged, continue to go out to dinner and to dinner parties with Stanford White?"

"Often. Sometimes every day, sometimes two or three times a week. So he called on you at your home and at the theatre often."

"Yes. He came nearly every day."

"How long did that continue?"

"Well, for nearly a year, I guess. From the winter of 1901 until I went to Pompton to school, in the fall of 1902."

"How did he treat you when in company—kindly?"

WHITE WAS PERSISTENT.

"No, I cannot say that it was kind. He was constantly coaxing me to go with him to his rooms alone. That wasn't right."

"When was it that you refused positively to continue the practice of going to his room or of seeing him alone?"

"It was in January, 1903, I think."

"Did he coax you often?"

"Yes, very often. He would scold me and grow very unpleasant if I tried to refuse."

"Did he continue to give you money during the period that these improper relations between you were maintained?"

"Yes. He gave me money a number of times during 1901, during 1902, and once or twice, I think, early in 1903, over a year in all, I think."

Mrs. Thaw said that at many of the parties she attended in the tower in 1901 and 1902 there were lots of women present.

"At any of these parties," asked the prosecutor, "did you ever see any acts of impropriety?"

"Yes. There was a lot of drinking."

"Is that all?"

ONE WOMAN TOLD BAD STORIES.

"No. There were bad stories told. One woman in particular used to tell bad stories."

"One of the guests told particularly rank stories?"

"Yes."

"They were the same kind of stories people told in the 'Dead Rat'?"

"I don't know that."

"You do know that you wrote that letter about the 'Dead Rat' and the Tenderloin crowd to the same young woman who told those rank, rank stories at the Tower?"

"Yes, but I didn't know anything against her character. I only know she told stories."

"Did White tell obscene stories?"

"Yes."

"Did any of the others?"

"No, I think not."

WHITE TOLD CLUB STORIES.

"Why do you remember about White's particularly?"

"Because Mr. White told me he heard all of them at a certain club," she answered innocently.

Jerome turned grinning and repeated the answer to two of his owlish allies, who laughed with him. They had quite a clubby little chuckle while the girl waited for the next question.

Evelyn said that often the girl she wrote the "Dead Rat" letter to got very much intoxicated at the Tower suppers.

"Did you tell your mother about these indecent stories?"

(Continued on Third Page.)

DEW OF DAWN
BABY WINNER
AT NEW ORLEANS

Favorite Gresham Didn't
Last Long Enough
in Second.

NEW ORLEANS RESULTS.

FIRST RACE—Jerry C. (5 to 2 and even), 1. Bazil (even for place) 2. Fenian 3.

SECOND RACE—Dew of Dawn (9 to 2 and 8 to 5), 1. Gresham (7 to 10 for place) 2. Bitter Man 3.

THIRD RACE—Coitness (20 to 1 and 8 to 1), 1. Dinemock (6 to 1 for place) 2. Capt. Taylor 3.

FOURTH RACE—Peter Sterling (11 to 5 and 3 to 5), 1. St. Valentine (8 to 5 for place) 2. Fantasio.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 21.—The track was fast again at Fair Grounds today and the weather was clear and fine. Those conditions, coupled with a fairly interesting card, brought out the largest crowd of the week to the course, and betting was fairly lively.

The feature race was a handicap at a mile, which brought out Lady of Navarre, Yankee Girl, Peter Sterling, Fantasio and St. Valentine. This field promised to furnish a cracking good contest, but the track was not fast enough for record-breaking.

The race, while lacking class, was well balanced and promised good results.

EDITOR W. R. SHANKS DEAD.

HACKENSACK, N. J., Feb. 21.—William R. Shanks, owner and editor of the Bond Buyer, of New York, died at his home in this place last night. He had been ill for some time. Mr. Shanks was the son of the late W. F. G. Shanks, who was for years managing editor of the New York Tribune. He leaves a widow.

DIED.

BEGG.—On Feb. 21 JOHN J. BEGG, aged 68, son of Elizabeth and the late John Begg, at the residence of his mother, 304 East 21st st.

Notice of funeral hereafter. Brooklyn papers please copy.

QUINN—suddenly.

On Wednesday, Feb. 20, 1907, CATHERINE QUINN, widow of William P. Quinn, age 27 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, from her late residence, 9 Hague st., Jersey City Heights, on Friday, Feb. 22, at 1 P. M. Interment at Calvary.

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